

CAMPAIGN SONG FOR 1864

**A** BRAHAM the GREAT  
AND  
GEN! GRANT  
HIS MATE.

COMPOSED & SUNG BY

**T BRIGHAM BISHOP.**

AND TROUPE.

2½

3

CINCINNATI.

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## ABRAHAM THE GREAT

AND

## GENL. GRANT HIS MATE.

Composed by \_\_\_\_\_ T. Brigham Bishop.

*Allegro Vivace.*

The musical score is written for a single treble staff and a grand staff (treble and bass). The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro Vivace'. The score consists of two systems. The first system begins with a single note in the treble staff, followed by a series of chords in the bass staff. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff and the bass line with chords. The piece ends with a double bar line in the second system.

Oh the Politician crew, They dont know what to do Since freedom in the South is plainly dawning, They

fear that this short night, Of a little blood and fight, Will bring us all out right in the morning.

## CHORUS.

TEN. Then let us work away, And care not what they say, for freedom in the South is plainly dawning: With

ALTO. Then let us work away, And care not what they say, for freedom in the South is plainly dawning: With

SOP. Then let us work away, And care not what they say, for freedom in the South is plainly dawning: With

BASS. Then let us work away, And care not what they say, for freedom in the South is plainly dawning: With

PIANO. Then let us work away, And care not what they say, for freedom in the South is plainly dawning: With

Abraham the Great, and Gen'ral Grant his mate, They'll bring us all out right in the morning.

ritard. a tempo.

Abraham the Great, and Gen'ral Grant his mate, They'll bring us all out right in the morning.

2

I think Uncle Abes the man who another term can stand,  
 The Rebs and Copper-heads with their scorning,  
 And in eighteen sixty five we'll elect him if alive,  
 For he'll bring us all out right in the morning.

3

The Rebs call Uncle Abe an abolition Babe,  
 But I think they had better heed his warning,  
 For he has got more land than any other man,  
 And he'll have all their niggers in the morning.

4

What a pity people can't let alone our General Grant,  
 While he gathers all the Rebels 'neath his awning,  
 He'll give old Jeff the chance to have a "swinging dance",  
 And we'll all "see him home" in the morning.

(Sing Chorus to each verse)